

THE SACRIFICE

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

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extinction, so I think I'll have to insist on my rights in the case."

He smiled as he spoke and placed himself so he could see Alice as he glanced in her direction. She did not look up, however, contenting herself with smiling weakly and imploringly at her sister. Mayne, however, stepped forward close to Mortimer, and said evenly:

"I think, Mr. Mortimer, you could not have understood thoroughly. Miss Penryhn is engaged to marry me. Such being the case, I think you'll see the advisability of consenting to cancel the arrangement you spoke of."

"Only if Miss Alice says she will refuse to go with me," persisted Mortimer, not taking his eyes from Alice.

MAYNE paled slightly, and Christine noted with alarm that his hands were tightly clenched. It was with an evident effort that he controlled his voice.

"As the affianced husband of Miss Penryhn," he said, "I'll take it upon myself to answer for her. She will not care to accept your invitation."

"Do you refuse to go with me?" persisted Mortimer stubbornly, and Alice looked up waveringly, grew pale, and then red, and in a thin hesitating voice said to Mayne, pleadingly:

"I think if you don't mind, Will, that I'd better go. You see—the engagement—to drive—was made before—I'm sure you understand—" she faltered.

"Alice!" broke in Christine horrified by what she now saw. "What are you thinking of?"

The girl turned to her, smiling in a deprecating way, and palpably, thoroughly frightened.

"I really think I'd better, dear," she said. "You see—"

"Pray don't argue with her, Christine," broke in Mayne sharply. "I quite understand the case. Doubtless your sister has her own good reasons, and I should not dream of interfering with them." He turned quickly and walked resolutely away, with indignation showing in every movement. Christine looked from him to Alice, and then to Mortimer.

The latter was smiling in such a thoroughly satisfied manner that she could gladly have struck him across the face without the smallest compunction. At her heart she felt a dull ache, for she began to understand that Judge Hargrave was right in his fears, and that his warning had not been by any means unwarranted. It was quite evident this man Mortimer had achieved some sinister domination over her sister; a domination that not even Alice's quite evident and deep-seated love for Mayne could

combat. Her eyes had been opened in the brief colloquy in a manner that she would have believed was impossible, and while she could only grasp at the edges of what she felt was destined to become a great misfortune, she had a feeling that in some manner she was not wholly at fault. The desire to get at the truth was uppermost in her mind just then, and she decided upon instant action. Turning to Mortimer, she said:

"You heard me mention that my sister's hat was on the table in the hall. Would you get it for her? We will wait in the summer house at the foot of the garden."

MORTIMER walked off at once, and Christine grasped her sister's arm and led her unresisting down the steps and along the garden path.

"Are you mad?" she asked breathlessly, when they were out of ear-shot. "Have you no sense of decency? What possible excuse can you offer Mr. Mayne for the manner in which you have treated him? What is this man Mortimer to you that you should obey his wishes?"

Alice, pale and trembling, collapsed; weeping upon the rustic bench beside her.

"I cannot tell you," she sobbed painfully. "I did it for Will. I couldn't bear to lose him, and he—Mr. Mortimer—would have said something, I could see it in his face."

"Would have said something?" scorned Christine. "What could he say that would do half the harm that you have already done by your insane folly?"

Alice threw herself down at full length on the bench.

"I have been foolish—weak," she moaned. "But I meant no harm. I swear to you there was no harm, but I went—oh, it was nothing, but he makes it so fearful, and if I refuse to go with him today he will tell Will, and I couldn't bear to lose him now. I simply couldn't bear to lose him. I couldn't. It has been a nightmare all these days; an awful nightmare." She looked up, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Promise me you will explain to Will; promise me you will make it right with him."

Christine was fairly stunned with the thoughts that came crowding in upon her, but she intended to know the whole truth at any cost.

"Tell me," she said hoarsely, "Was there anything—can he—"

"No! No!" cried the girl. "It was just thoughtlessness, but some one saw us going—somewhere, and they might—he says—put a different construction on something that was perfectly innocent."

"Swear to me there was nothing but what you say!" said Christine, tensely. "Quick! He's coming!"

"Nothing, I swear it!" said Alice fervently, and fell to drying her eyes. There was a quick step on the gravel and Mortimer's voice called:

"All ready?"

"All ready," replied Alice, chokingly, taking her hat and veil from him and adjusting them upon her head.

When they had gone Christine turned with a heavy sigh to find Mayne confronting her. His face was hard and set, and there was a cold look in his eyes, while his forehead was deeply lined. He spoke quickly.

"Perhaps you can explain what this means," he said. "I think some enlightenment is due me—something that will show some reason for Alice's most inexplicable conduct."

SLOWLY into Christine's mind came the realization that her sister's happiness must not be shattered; that her own promise to make it right with Mayne was a part of her duty; that her mother's charge had to be fulfilled at all hazards.

"Perhaps I should tell you that I believe I know a part of the truth—or what appears to be the truth," went on Mayne. "I understand that Alice and this man, Mortimer, were seen to enter a certain place together one evening last week."

"It is a lie," said Christine, quickly. "No matter who told you, it is a lie."

"But they were seen," protested Mayne.

"Pardon me, they were not," said Christine firmly, and full of purpose now, she went on, for it was after all a small matter, and upon a little falsehood depended her sister's future happiness. "It was not Alice who was seen with Mr. Mortimer," she finished.

"Not Alice!" exclaimed Mayne incredulously. "Not Alice! Then who was it?"

"It was I," responded Christine, calmly. "She spoke to me of it. It was because she was fearful that Mr. Mortimer would say something that would indicate how foolish; how indiscreet I had been, that she acted as she did; bid for his silence, so you should not know how—silly I was," she finished hysterically. "You see how simple it all is. How very simple."

Mayne looked at her in sheer amazement; then his gaze turned to contempt.

"Yes, I see," he said shortly, and turned away.

A moment or two later she saw him leap the hedge and turn along the road toward the river.

(Continued Next Week.)

When the King Awoke

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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had entered upon a well-defined path. A whine as of a testy bee, and a report close following told of a pistol shot. And now the bark spun from a tree just beside the king, and again a ball droned into the distance before; and as if called forth by the report a streak of blood, widening apace, appeared just over the queen's temple.

The king dropped a vengeful oath, and jerking the pistol from his bosom, where he had been carrying it, turned short. He leveled it, in a hasty aim, but the flint showered useless sparks. With another oath the king ran on.

They had reached the river. Swift and foaming it dashed past, full thirty paces in width, with the farther bank rising in a series of ledges, the city beyond and above. Sir Hugo turned and thrust the queen into the king's arms, and snatched the pistol.

"Go on," he gasped, grimly. "Let me try him."

"But no!" protested the king—even as, not daring to hesitate, he plashed ahead into the water.

"I will follow," responded Sir Hugo, quickly.

The king proceeded. The stream here was shoal, its ripples coming only to his knees. The bed was slippery with rounded stones, over which the rapid current fretted. Midway of the passage the king paused, to look for the jester. Just behind him the duchess, also, paused. She had been wading, with never a word, in his wake.

SIR Hugo was still upon the bank, standing tense, poised, gazing, his back to the stream. Suddenly he

whipped his pistol before him and pulled the trigger. Only the flint responded. With a cry of impatience he clapped the lock-plate with his palm, to loosen the priming, caked by dampness, and jerked up the hammer. He fired straight up the path—the bullet landing somewhere with evident thud.

He turned and dashed into the water. The king also turned, and splashed on, sending the spray in spurts above his head. He neared the farther shore; the bottom gave abruptly beneath his feet, and he staggered and pitched, sousing himself

A Strange Land and a Strange People

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Interesting to a traveler is the head-wear of the Turkish women. At the age of twelve a girl veils; thereafter no man save very near male relatives is supposed to see her face.

Time, however, is changing even the east, and so the face veils are often made of goods so thin one sees the countenance readily as the strollers pass in the sunshine.

Over toward the Herzegovina, not content with the veil, the women wear a heavy black hood projecting out before the face several inches.

The hood resembles most the poke bonnet once popular in the states. It shields the wearer completely.

Again the umbrella fad takes the eye of a newcomer to Salonica. Umbrella or parasol are ever present with the well-to-do Turkish damsel. Where the woman is in a puffed

and his burden over ere he could regain his balance. Along here the water was deeper; it swirled about his waist, lapping for his shoulders, to drag him down and away, and he had to lean against it with all his force. But he struggled through to the ledgy bank. An appealing cry from the duchess reached his ear; and twisting about, with one foot upon the first ledge, he extended his hand and caught her as at last she was being swept away. He drew her forward, until she found footing beside him.

Dripping, they scrambled up, himself bearing the dripping queen, over

sleeved gown of a brilliant green or a rich black satin, the effect of the parasol is one to add appearance of wealth to the whole.

The men as a rule do not possess the interest for the traveler which the women do.

Men folk are much alike the world about and so here in the Ottoman empire they cling one and all to the broad blue trouser and the red flannel shirt, or vice versa.

The Turk, however, is not the demon he is generally painted, unless his temper be aroused.

Then he knows not how to restrain it.

That perhaps brought on the crisis that has resulted in the construction.

How long lived the new monarchical form will be, it will be interesting to note.

several of the terrace-like ledges; then stopped, to wait—but it was also, alas, to witness.

Sir Hugo was just in the deep strip; the water was to his shoulders, and above it his grotesque features showed strained with exertion. In the midst of the stream, forging through exactly where a moment previously they themselves had been, came on the Cricket—mis-shapen, hairy, bare-headed, his scraggly teeth exposed in a grin of malice and determination, his long arms beating the water in aid of his short, wide-set legs. The right breast of his greasy jerkin was stained red, where blood was flowing down. So furious was the strength with which he surged across that when the jester attained the bank he was scarce two yards behind.

Upon the first ledge Sir Hugo turned, breathless, and with a little gasp of helplessness beat down at the shaggy head with his pistol butt. The Cricket took the blows in silence. Twice and thrice the pistol butt frantically descended; then the Cricket, arms eagerly outstretching, rose upon the ledge.

A SHARP cry of horror issued from the duchess, staring down, and the king hastily sought a spot to lay the queen, that he might go to their poor companion's aid. But time was not given. The Cricket's huge hands clutched the jester, and with a snarl of satisfaction pulled him forward. Sir Hugo struck at hairy face, and grasped at hairy throat—but as well might he have blown with his breath. The Cricket twisted him like a reed—

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